



FEATURE

COMICS

QUAL
COM
STORY

OCTOBER



THE DOLL MAN



RANCE KEANE



SAMAR



SPIN SHAW



OH, VINCENT—
DON'T TAKE ANY
SASS FROM THAT
PEDDLER!



No. 37 • 10c

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

THE SUPER BIKE FOR SUPER BOYS!



I'm proud of my pal, Uncle Joe;
It's speed and strength we like.
That's why he runs a streamlined train
And I ride a Schwinn-Built bike.



My cousin Harry flies the mail;
His plane is always ready.
He says it's like my Schwinn-Built bike—
So fast and smooth and steady.



Away to school on my Schwinn I go,
Breezing ahead of the rest,
As president of the cycle club
I know what bike is best.



Off on my Schwinn for mother;
Picking up things for dad,
I'm the Minute Man of the family
And a strong and healthy lad.



Bring on all the bikes in the neighborhood. Match them hub to hub. And your Schwinn-Built bicycle will win hands down every time.

Watch your friends' eyes pop when you show them the Spring Fork that changes riding to g-l-i-d-i-n-g . . . the Fore Wheel Brake that brings you to a full stop on a dime . . . the theft-proof Cyclock . . . rear expander brake . . . and many other exclusive Schwinn features.

Then let the gang stand back and admire the surging grace and super strength of America's finest bicycle . . . the bike that's waiting to whisk you to happy, healthy outdoor adventure.

Make a date with dad to see the new Schwinn bikes at your dealer.

Write today for illustrated, free Schwinn bike booklet

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & COMPANY

1729 KILDARE AVENUE

CHICAGO



INTRODUCING THE LAUGHING
PUPPETEER, WHOSE MARIONETTES
ARE "ALMOST HUMAN" !!!

DARREL DANE, MARTHA, AND
DR. ROBERTS ARRIVE AT A
FASHIONABLE LAWN PARTY.







AFTER THE PERFORMANCE, THE PUPPET MASTER PACKS HIS "CAST" AND HEADS FOR THE NEXT ESTATE... HIS HOME...



WE HAVE DONE WELL TONIGHT, GIUSEPPE! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL JULIET SHE WILL MAKE!



THE VAN UNLOADS BEFORE A FORMIDABLE MANSION...

WE MUST WORK LATE TONIGHT TO PREPARE FOR TOMORROW'S PERFORMANCE!



HA/HA/ HO HO HO/ MY PRETTY HAS FAINTED!



WHEN MARTHA REVIVES....

YOU ARE GOING TO JOIN MY CAST, MY LOVELY! YOU SHOULD BE HONORED FOR THE COMPANY IS NOTABLE AND TALENTED!



GIUSEPPE UNPACKS THE MARIONETTES

MACBETH, CYRANO, PIERROT, ST. JOAN... WHAT'S THIS?



AND THE DOLL MAN IS FORGOTTEN AMONG THE OTHERS...



A NEW ONE! BOMBASTO HAS NOT TOLD ME OF THIS ONE...HMM...



GIUSEPPE, WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLED ABOUT? COME HERE! WE MUST BEGIN OUR WORK AT ONCE!



SOON THE GREAT
CAULDRON IS IN
READINESS...



AH HA! HO/HO/soon
you will be transformed
from an ordinary woman
into a glamorous
little Juliet!



MY APRON,
GIUSEPPE!
AND MY
KNIFE!



IT WILL NOT HURT
FOR LONG, MY FAIR
ONE!

SUDDENLY, THE STRING SNAPS AND THE
DOLL MAN FLIES INTO ACTION...



OH, NO YOU
DON'T, BOMBASTO!

LIKE A STICK OF TNT, THE DOLL MAN
STRIKES...



BOMBASTO CRASHES TO THE HARD
FLOOR...



ONE FOR YOU,
TOO, GIUSEPPE!

HE QUICKLY
RELEASES
MARTHA...



HURRY!

TOGETHER THEY
ESCAPE THE ROOM...



BOMBASTO SCREAMS IN RAGE...



GUARDS!

BUT BOMBASTO HAS MEN STATIONED TO COPE WITH SUCH AN EMERGENCY!



THEY DO NOT SEE THE LITTLE FIGURE WHO LEAPS INTO THE BATTLE...



MARTHA, OVERPOWERED, IS LED STRUGGLING BACK INTO THE BLOOMY HOUSE....



AT LAST, THE MEN SUCCEED IN CAPTURING THE DOLL MAN UNDER A MOUNTAIN OF HEAVY BODIES...



MEANWHILE, DR. ROBERTS TAKES A WALK...



A SCREAM! IT CAME FROM BOMBASTO'S PLACE!!



HE PARTS THE HEDGES AND CRAWLS THROUGH...



THE PLACE IS DARK, BUT I'M SURE I HEARD SOMEONE CRY!



I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND! HE WAS A QUEER DUCK! YOU NEVER CAN TELL!



FROM THE DARKNESS COMES AN URGENT WHISPER...



PST... DOCTOR ROBERTS!



THE PUPPETEER TRAMPS THROUGH THE CORRIDOR, SINGING TO HIMSELF...





MEANWHILE, GIUSEPPE PLANS HIS OWN MURDER... STEALTHILY HE APPROACHES MARTHA, WHO IS TIED UP IN A CHAIR...



HA/HA! I TOO CAN KILL! MY HANDS ABOUT YOUR THROAT WILL END...

AT THAT MOMENT ROBERTS ENTERS.



THE SMOKE HARDLY CLEARS WHEN THE DOLL MAN LEAPS UPON HIS SHOULDER.



NOW TO TAKE CARE OF MR. BOMBASTO!



HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS? IF YOU'LL VISIT THE HOME OF MR. BOMBASTO, YOU MIGHT FIND A CRIMINAL!



SO! YOU'RE THE DOLL MAN! NOW I KNOW WHY CRIMINALS SHAKE AT THE MENTION OF YOUR NAME!



POOR BOMBASTO! BEATEN BY HIS OWN "PUPPET"!



BACK HOME....

MY GOODNESS! YOU MISSED IT ALL! THE POLICE ARRESTED MR. BOMBASTO! A D-DOLL MAN OR SOMEONE TIPPED THEM OFF! ISN'T IT THRILLING!

The Doll Man, America's outstanding comic, appears each month in FEATURE COMICS.

RANCE KEANE

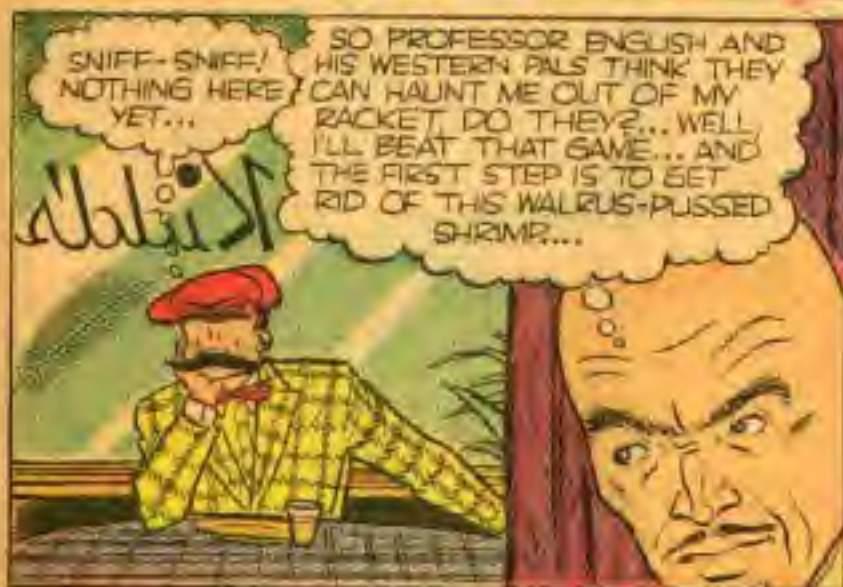
BY WILL ARTHUR

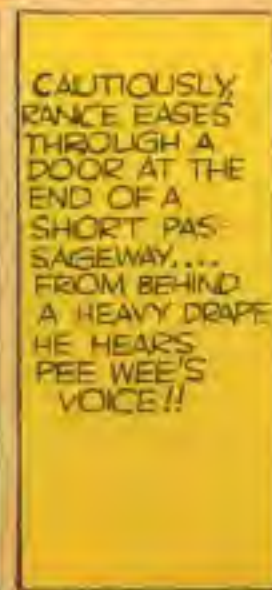
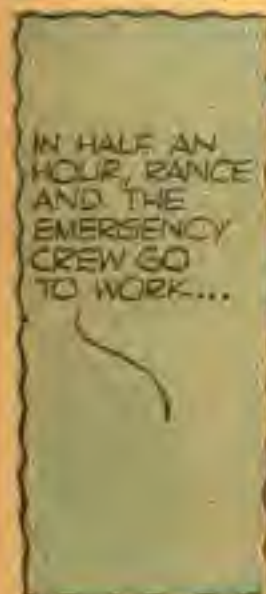
RANCE KEANE AND PEE WEE LEE HAVE BEEN IN NEW YORK CITY ABOUT 48 HOURS AND TROUBLE HAS ALREADY PICKED THEM OUT AS SPECIAL RALS... FOR INSTANCE, RANCE IS SITTING IN KIDD'S RESTAURANT, ONE OF A BIG CHAIN, WHEN SUDDENLY HIS COMPANION, PROFESSOR ENGLISH LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND STARTS THROWING CROCKERY THROUGH THE PLATE GLASS WINDOWS.....





RANCE, PEE WEE, LOLA PITCHARD AND THE PROFESSOR BEGIN THEIR PATROL OF THE KIDD RESTAURANTS... LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER....







BEFORE RANCE CAN SWING HIS GUN AROUND, THE BACKETEER SLIPS THROUGH THE PANELED WALL AT HIS BACK AND DISAPPEARS... RANCE POUNCES AFTER HIM LIKE A TIGER....



AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT UNTIL RANCE, PEE WEE, LOLA, AND PROFESSOR ENGLISH GET TOGETHER IN THE SECRET CHAMBER WHERE PEE WEE NEARLY MET HIS END....



POISON IVY

by GILBERT THEODORE

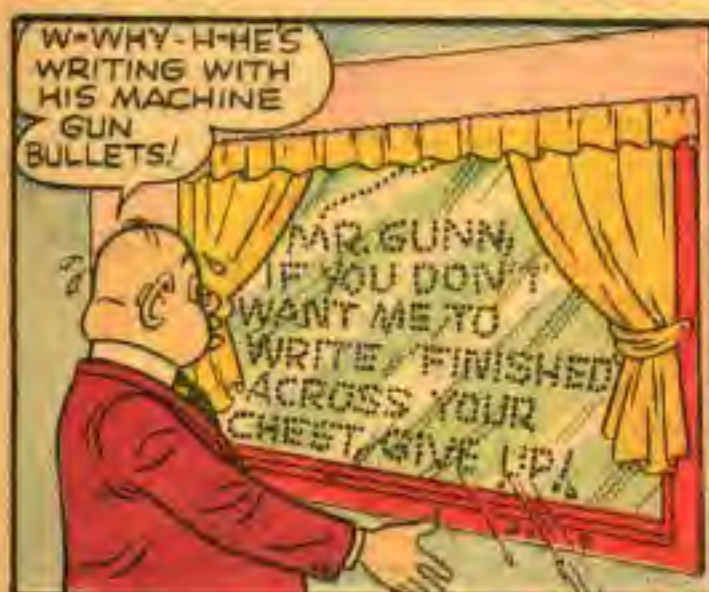
THE MIGHTY MITE

POISON HAS JUST FINISHED BUILDING THE SMALLEST, FASTEST FIGHTING PLANE IN THE WORLD!



THE BLACK WOLF LETS GO A BURST OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS!





REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

ON THE MOVIE SET OF "CALL OF THE NORTH," A PRODUCTION BEING FILMED BY PIONEER FILMS, SERGEANT REYNOLDS IS TALKING WITH HIS FRIEND BILL COOPER, ONE OF THE EXTRAS...

ART DINGJANE











Another fast moving episode of Reynolds Of The Mounted in the November issue.



ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE

by Noel Fowler

MUTINY ON A GHOSTLY GALLEON BREAKS THE SPELL OF ANCIENT PIRATE TREASURE



LEAVING SHEILA ON THE ROCKS, ZERO AND HER FIANCE, DON, WADE OUT TO THE WEATHER-BEATEN HULK.



IF THERE'S ANYTHING SUPERNATURAL ABOUT THIS, WE SHOULD FIND IT AROUND THIS OLD WRECK!

YES, THERE'S A LEGEND THAT IT'S A PIRATE SHIP!



SUDDENLY A SCREAM REACHES THEM FROM SHORE.



IT'S SHEILA!

WHO? WHO IS SHE STRUGGLING WITH?

IT'S THE GHOST OF AN OLD PIRATE!



AN EERIE FLAPPING SOUND COMES FROM THE SHIP....

LOOK, ZERO! THE SHIP. IT'S IN FULL SAIL. ONLY YOU CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH IT!



HE'S ROWING HER OUT TO THE FLYING SKULL!



COME ON! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER. GHOST OR NO GHOST!

EASY NOW! VIOLENCE WON'T HELP YOU HERE!



THE TWO MEN FOLLOW THE DORY TO THE PHANTOM SHIP



CLIMBING ABOARD, THEY SOON DISCOVER SHEILA BOUND TO A MAST, SURROUNDED BY A CREW OF PIRATES



THE GHOSTLY BRIGANDS MUMBLE ANGRILY ABOUT THE GIRL.

WE CAN'T SAIL WITH HER ABOARD!
SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT THE GOLD. TOSS HER TO THE SHARKS!



SHEILA, COME WITH ME! YOU ARE FREE. THOSE BINDINGS ARE NOT REAL. JUST STEP AWAY FROM THE MAST!

NO!
NO!



I CANNOT MOVE MY HANDS! I AM A CAPTIVE HERE! THEY WILL KILL ME!



SHE IS PARALYZED BY THE SPELL OF THE HALLUCINATION. BUT I HAVE A PLAN!

A PLAN? I WANT ACTION! I'LL FREE HER MYSELF!



FRANTIC WITH FEAR AND ANGER, DON TURNS ON THE PIRATE CHIEF, BUT...

WAIT A MINUTE, DON! THERE'S NOTHING THERE!



ER...UH, GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!

HA! HA! NOW LET ME HANDLE THIS!



BY A DEVICE KNOWN ONLY TO HIM, ZERO IS ABLE TO THROW HIS VOICE INTO THE PAST, AND THROUGH THE MOUTH OF THE PIRATE CHIEF...

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. THE GIRL WILL MAKE THE TRIP WITH US! HER FAIR FACE PLEASES ME!



AS ZERO HAD PLANNED THE PIRATE CREW FLARES UP IN ANGER.

SHE'S A JONAH!

QUIET, YOU BLACK SWABS! YOU OBEY ME ON THIS SHIP, OR...



OR WHAT? AND IF WE REFUSE TO RISK OUR LIVES WITH THIS WOMAN ABOARD? WHAT THEN?







Zero, Ghost Detective, appears each month in FEATURE COMICS.

SPIN SHAW

OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS

BY REX SMITH

AFTER SUCCESSFULLY BREAKING UP A SABOTAGE RING IN SOUTH AMERICA, SPIN SHAW RETURNS TO THE STATES A FETED HERO...

INVITED BY BETTY TOLLIVER TO A HOUSE PARTY ON LONG ISLAND, SPIN AND HIS ROOMMATE "PEP" TEPPER ENTRAIN.



WHY DIDN'T YOU WANT TO COME, SPIN?

YOU KNOW HOW I DISLIKE PARTIES!



IT'LL BE NICE SEEING BETTY AGAIN, BUT I WOULDN'T GIVE TWO CENTS FOR THE REST OF THAT GANG!

WILLISTON PARK!



WELL, HERE WE ARE, ALL SET FOR A NICE, DULL, QUIET WEEK-END!



MISS TOLLIVER'S CAR IS WAITING, SIR.

CHAMPAGNE, CHAUFFEURS, AND CHIFFON!

ALSO NUTS! COME ON, PEP!



THAT NIGHT, SPIN DANCES WITH HIS PRETTY HOSTESS.

I HEAR YOU HAVE A NEW PLANE, BETTY.

YOU SHOULD SEE IT, SPIN... OH... LET'S TAKE A RIDE TO ROOSEVELT FIELD AND I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU!



AH! GOOD EVENING, MISS TOLLIVER! GOING FOR A RIDE?

WHY, ER, YES, I'M GOING TO SHOW CAPTAIN SHAW MY NEW PLANE, COUNT VASLAV.



YOUR NEW PLANE? MIND IF I GO ALONG? I AM SO INTERESTED IN AVIATION YOU KNOW.

ER-NO, NOT AT ALL!



IT IS A WARM NIGHT, ISN'T IT? TELL ME, HAVEN'T YOU YOUR OWN PRIVATE FIELD?

YES, BUT THE PLANE WON'T BE DELIVERED UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING.









HELPLESS, THE POLICE AND TOLLIVER WATCH VASLAV DRIVE AWAY IN HIS SLEEK COUPE.



HIGH ABOVE, SPIN AND PED CIRCLE IN BETTY'S NEW PLANE.



TURNING DOWN A DESERTED SIDE ROAD, THE COUNT PULLS UP TO A SMALL DOCK ON ONE SIDE OF THE NUMEROUS CHANNELS AROUND LONG BEACH, LONG ISLAND.



CUTTING THE MOTOR, SPIN EXPERTLY GUIDES THE SHIP DOWN IN A DEAD STICK LANDING.

FIELD LOOKS PRETTY SOGGY!



WHEW! MADE IT! IF THEY DIDN'T SEE US WE MAY HAVE A CHANCE!



AU REVOIR, MY FAIR ONE. WE WILL WIRE YOUR WHEREABOUTS FROM THE SHIP WHEN WE GET OUTSIDE THE POLICE ZONE.



ONCE WE'RE PAST THE THREE MILE LIMIT, WE'LL BE SAFE AND...

YOU'LL NEVER GET OUTSIDE THE LIMIT, COUNT. PUT UP YOUR HANDS!



PEP! SPIN!

HOW DID YOU FIND THIS PLACE?

BY SIMPLY FOLLOWING YOUR CAR IN OUR PLANE.



UNKNOWN TO SPIN, A THIRD THUG STEALS UP BEHIND THEM.



LOOK OUT, SPIN!



AS SPIN AND PEP STUMBLE OFF BALANCE, THE KIDNAPPERS RUSH AT THEM AND KNOCK THEM OUT.



LEMME PUT A SLUG IN 'EM, CHIEF!

NO TIME. GRAB THEIR HELMETS. WE'LL FLY TO CANADA!



A FEW MINUTES LATER.

SPIN! SPIN! HURRY! THEY'VE TAKEN THE PLANE TO CANADA! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. PEP WILL SET ME FREE!



QUICKLY ROWING ACROSS THE BAY, SPIN HAILS A RIDE TO THE AIRPORT FROM A PASSING CAR. HERE HE BORROWS A FAST ARMY PLANE.



THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, SPIN SPEEDS TOWARD CANADA IN A WILD HOPE OF OVERTAKING THE THIEVES.





Follow Spin Shaw in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale September 25th.

LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA

IF I ONLY HAD TWO SKINS!

CHOWDER PARTY
PILSENER GROVE
ALL YOU CAN
EAT AND DRINK
\$.25 PER



Enjoy Lala Palooza and Vincent in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS.

Rusty Ryan

OF BOYVILLE

by Paul Gustavson









HAVE a LAUGH

"QUICK, POLICE!
THERE'S BEEN A
MURDER HERE!"



"HE GOT
A FLAT!"



"I WONDER WHY
THESE DRIVERS
LOOK SO CONFUSED?"



"SEE, OFFICER—
AIN'T IT AWFUL
THE WAY MEN
FOLLOW ME?"



HOW A BRAND-NEW BIKE CAME TO "NEWSY" MIKE

MIKE WHO WAS NAMED MICHAEL HAPERS,
RODE HIS BIKE WHEN DELIVERING PAPERS.
WHEN HE WANTED TO STOP,
HE WOULD FREQUENTLY FLOP—
THOUGH HE HAD A FEW OTHER CHOICE CAPERS!



MIKE'S BIKE REALLY RATED A PENSION,
SINCE IT HADN'T A BRAKE FIT TO MENTION.
BUT HIS FOOT ON THE WHEEL,
WITH A SCRAPE AND A SQUEAL,
MADE HIM STOP LIKE A ROCKET ASCENSION!



CAN YOU BLAME US GROWN-UPS WHO GOT NERVOUS,
AT MIKE'S MOST ASTONISHING SERVICE?
WHY OUR TREES, AND OUR POSTS,
WOULD STOP MOST OF HIS COASTS,
WITH CRASHES THAT GREATLY UN-NERSED US!



MIKE'S DAD, WHEN HE HEARD OF THIS RUCTION,
PHONED THE BIKESHOP THIS RED-HOT INSTRUCTION:
"RUSH OUT A NEW BIKE—
"ANY GOOD MAKE YOU LIKE—
"ONLY, HURRY, BEFORE MIKE'S DESTRUCTION!"



"AND MAKE SURE THAT ITS BRAKE IS A MORROW,
"OR I'LL SEND IT RIGHT BACK TO YOUR SORROW!
"THE MORROW'S BROUGHT JOY,
"SINCE WHEN I WAS A BOY—
"BEST BRAKE YOU CAN BUY, SEE, OR BORROW!"



Famous for 40 years! Quick stopping, easy ped-
aling, long coasting; more ball bearings (31) than
any other brake. Made by Bendor, world's fore-
most auto brake builder. Your dealer can furnish
MORROW Coaster Brake
on any bike—ask for it.



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FEATURE COMICS is the "tops" in monthly comic magazines.

TAP
TRAP!

Captain Bruce Blackburn COUNTERSPY

by
Harry
Fleming
Campbell

CAPTAIN BRUCE
BLACKBURN AND LIEUTENANT JACKSON
OF THE AMERICAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE,
HAVE BEEN MADE TO RESEMBLE TWINS BY
PLASTIC SURGERY—THUS THEY WAR ON SPIES.

IN THE SECRET EXPERIMENTAL
LABORATORIES OF THE ARMY

THIS IS IT! THE WORLD'S
MOST POWERFUL
EXPLOSIVE! AND THE
SAFEST,
CHASE!



THE TESTS OF THE NEW
EXPLOSIVE WILL BE ON THE
7TH BUT, CHASE, ONLY YOU
AND I KNOW THAT!



AT MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

AS I TOLD YOU, SIR, THIS
MESSAGE WAS FOUND
ON A SPY!



THE NEXT DAY

15 MINUTES LATER, IN THE SHOP
THAT MASKS BRUCE'S ACTIVITIES



HAVE YOU ANY
CLOISONÉ~



SORRY, MISS,
WE DON'T.

JUST A MINUTE, MISS, YOU
TOOK THE ~~WRONG~~ PORTFOLIO.



WHY~WHY,
HOW STUPID
OF ME!

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN
ACCIDENT, COLONEL, STILL
I'D BETTER HAVE GURK
SHADOW HER. SERGEANT!
FOLLOW THAT GIRL WHO
JUST LEFT HERE.



RIGHT, SIR.

NOW, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE
COLONEL?



BRUCE, ONLY
CHASE AND I KNEW
THE DATE OF THE
TESTS ON OUR
NEW EXPLOSIVE~
YET THE
SPIES HAVE
THE
DATE!

YOU AND THE CHIEF OF
RESEARCH, HUH? WHAT
DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?



LOCATE AND
PLUG THAT
LEAK!

SO~THE GIRL'S LOUISE
LOVELY, DANCER AT THE
CLUB MADELO~NOW GURK,
I WANT YOU TO TRAIL
COLONEL JORDAN!



TAIL THE
COLONEL?
WHY?~I
MEAN...
YES SIR!

AFTER COLONEL JORDAN LEFT

THAT NIGHT, DISGUISED WITH A FALSE MUSTACHE, BRUCE TRAILS CHASE.

IT'S EITHER CHASE OR JORDAN THAT'S SPILLING SECRETS! HERE'S CHASE NOW.



FOLLOW THAT CAB!



IS THIS A COINCIDENCE?



THE TRAIL LEADS TO CLUB MADELOON

CHASE HAS BEEN HERE 2 HOURS, AND HASN'T SPOKEN TO A SOUL!



INSIDE THE CLUB

IT'S THE GIRL WHO WAS IN THE SHOP ALL RIGHT!



FINALLY, THE FLOOR SHOW BEGINS...

AND NOW, THAT LOVELY TAP DANCER - LOUISE LOVELY!



THE HIGH POINT OF HER ACT IS TAPS WITHOUT MUSIC



THERE GOES CHASE!



AS THE SHOW ENDS...

THIS IS GETTING HOT! LOVELY WAS WAITING FOR HIM!



IT'S HER APARTMENT THEY WENT TO - 8B. I GUESS THAT'S ALL FOR TONIGHT



BRUCE TRAILS THEM

2

COLONEL, HAVE LOUISE LOVELY'S PHONE TAPPED, HER MAIL WATCHED, AND HAVE HER TAILED! YES... I THINK I HAVE SOMETHING!



NEXT DAY

SO 8C IS VACANT? I'LL TAKE IT FOR A MONTH!



IT'S NEXT TO THE DANCER'S

AT THE APARTMENT HOUSE







"THE VOICE"

ABOARD THE GHOST SHIP..

IT IS MIDNIGHT AS THE LINER SANTA DIOSA LEAVES NEW YORK HARBOR WITH A LIST OF DISTINGUISHED PASSENGERS



IN STATEROOM NUMBER 13 A PASSENGER STANDS BEFORE A WASHBOWL...



HELP!!



TWO OFFICERS DASH INTO THE CABIN AND...

HIS PASSPORT SHOWS HE'S GERALD CORDER, A JEWEL MERCHANT

--AND DEAD!



THE SHIP'S DOCTOR IS CALLED IN.

THERE'S NO TRACE OF WHATEVER CAUSED HIS DEATH-EXCEPT A FAINT EVIDENCE OF ELECTRIC SHOCK !!



ALSO ABOARD IS THE PICTURESQUE MR. ELIXIR, ALIAS "THE VOICE" AND ENEMY OF CRIME AND EVIL.

WORD OF THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH SPREADS THROUGHOUT THE SHIP.

STRANGE PART IS, NO ONE CAN FIGURE OUT HOW IT WAS DONE!

OHH-I WISH I WERENT ABOARD!

SOUNDS LIKE A GHOST MURDER FROM FICTION!



YES-THAT'S IT! ONE OF THOSE AWFUL SEA GHOSTS DID IT!

HMM-FOLKS ARE CERTAINLY FAST TO JUMP AT CONCLUSIONS !!



-AND THERE IS MUCH SILLY TALK OF A GHOST HAVING KILLED CORDER, SIR!

WE MUST TRY TO STOP THAT TALK!



AND IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN.

WHAT TOMMYROT! KILLED BY A GHOST--IN THIS DAY AND AGE!

GENTLEMEN, THIS IS THE VOICE--MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU!









Antidote

BY ROBERT
M. HYATT



Darrell entered the room in mortal terror. But he couldn't hedge now. He couldn't let his elder brother, Perry, know that he was frightened; he would laugh at him. Perry had warned him that two weeks' vacation in a "haunted house" might be fraught with dangers—real and imagined.

Darrell had been reluctant to tell Perry about last night. But he'd seen them—the *things*! He shuddered as he crawled into the damp bed and pressed his head against the pillow.

A slight creaking sound made him jump. The moonlight poured through the window. It blanched the bony whiteness of the stretch of dismal swamp that lay between the old house and the woods. It had been out there, that he'd seen them.

The house creaked again, hushing the crickets momentarily. The ancient structure was settling into the marsh. Built more than a hundred years, it had an eerie history linked with dark crime. It was "haunted," according to everyone in Coldvale, twenty miles across the Everglades. A fine place to spend a vacation!

Darrell buried his head in the pillow once more. The moonlight threw a terrifying pattern across the wall. It was like a face with deep-sunken cheeks; like—

With a stifled cry Darrell rose up on one elbow. His eyes roved the swamp. Yes, they were coming again tonight! They had crept to within a few paces of the house last night. Would they come closer tonight?

He heard them long before he saw them. Soft sucking sounds, like booted feet being withdrawn from thick mud. A sharp clicking came from the sodden air. Then a low whirr, like the vibrations of a giant humming bird.

Then they came into view, their fat globular bodies waddling through the ooze—bodies almost bursting from some ghoulish repast,

They halted at the brink of the swamp, their vast ranks seemingly motivated by some telepathic command. Their grotesquely long antennae waved aloft, testing the wind. Then they came on, their horrible eyes, lidless and hate-filled, protruding from conical skulls.

Rank upon rank, their numbers were legion. When one fell, mired in the slough, it was as if a wave of solid darkness swept over him; he was crushed, gone into the deadly mire. There was no stopping to help the ill or weak.

Darrell watched with bulging eyes. His throat felt tight and his heart pounded. He could not scream. The utter fascination of that weird procession gripped him. Would — they — come — closer — tonight? Would they . . .

They weren't halting! They were coming on. They were almost under the window now!

The house creaked, lurched. A piece of wet plaster fell from the ceiling and a huge rat ran squeaking across the floor and out a hole in the corner.

Darrell felt cold sweat beading his forehead. Would the *things* actually enter the house?

A whispering sound came down the hall. It drew nearer. The sound became a roar, filling the old house.

"Perry!" shrieked Darrell. But he knew the cry hadn't passed his lips. It was as if a sheathing of solid ice enclosed him. He couldn't move.

Something was in the room! Darrell couldn't see it but he knew it was there. The door hadn't opened but the *thing* had entered just the same. The odor of death was a cold breath across his nostrils. He tried to scream again but the effort shut his burning throat.

Then a monstrous shadow blotted out the moon. A *shape* had struck against the window screen, clinging there with horrible taloned wings. The chattering of teeth rustled from the creature's dog-like mouth. A

vampire! A ghoulish bat that sucked the blood from corpses! Darrell had read about them. It was there now, its great wings spread across the rusted screen. If it got in . . . ! The screen was fragile . . . vampires attacked in the full moon . . . It must be in league with the—*things*! Guarding the window so he couldn't escape.

With a vicious snap of its jaws, the bat jerked loose and darted off into the steamy swamp. It seemed to be the signal for a host of night things to set up a weird cacophony of sound. A great horned owl moaned across the marsh. A tree toad piped a reedy note. Then a wild dog gave voice to his unearthly cry somewhere in the far distance. His sobbing lament quivered on the air, drawing to a wailing close. Wild dogs roamed in packs through the 'Glades. It was said they attacked men, and the men were never heard of again.

A soft rustling brought Darrell's head around. The presence in the room was not visible, but it was there, and the humming sound in the hall increased.

Darrell's rifle stood in the corner. Why in the world did he feel so shackled? He couldn't move a finger. Only his head and eyes worked. And his brain. That was the power these monsters had over you, Darrell thought. They hypnotized you, then swarmed over you, opening your veins . . .

The 'swamp fire' smoldered across the marsh now, glowing bright in



spots as wisps of wind touched it. The army of *things* was nowhere in sight. They had entered the house. What would they do to Darrell? What was wrong with Pete, their Collie? Perhaps he was dead by now. He had not barked once.

Then it was there, in front of him, filling the room with the shadows of its bloated body. Its antenna waved around. Its disc-like eyes burned into Darrell's. It came a step nearer the bed. Its mouth hung open, tasting the kill already.

A dark blotch crossed the floor. A bottle of poison had purposely been spilled there that afternoon.

The *thing* ventured close to the smoking poison, backed off a pace, then came on again. One of its tentacles shot out and dipped into the lethal liquid. Quickly it raised it to its lips. Again and again the creature dipped into the poison. Why didn't it die? It was immune, of course. Nothing could harm these swamp beasts.

Presently it was joined by one of its mates. Then another. Soon the room was half filled with the monsters. All of them attacked that poison as if it were nectar.

An alligator sounded his coughing bellow deep in the swamp, and the wild dogs answered. They were evident!—hot on the trail. Darrell vaguely wondered what kind of a fight a 'gator would put up against a pack of fierce canines. Once he had seen a small bear attack a 'gator. The bear roared and charged, the 'gator lashed out with its powerful tail. It had caught the bear across the body, hurling him ten feet. Stunned, the bear had charged again, only to be knocked sprawling once more. The 'gator had followed up, clamping tremendous jaws across the bear's neck. It had been bruin's end.

What was to be his—Darrell's—end? What would the *things* do after they had finished the poison? They would come for him! They had about consumed the dark liquid and now their enormous eyes were centered on their next victim.

The leader of the pack put a foot forward. Then he was crossing the room, his grotesque mates wobbling after. That humming sound rose again, filling the house with its strange vibrations.

The first of the *things* was at the

bedside now. Darrell felt his covers jerk. He screamed, and this time the sound leaped from his throat in a piercing blast.

A door slammed somewhere in the house. He heard running feet. Then his own door burst open. It seemed to Darrell that the entire house was falling upon him, crushing him under its ancient beams...

Something was shaking his shoulder, a voice sounded far off: "Great Scot! It worked. Boy, that stuff is tops!"

It seemed that the sun was streaming into the room. There was Perry, grinning. He was holding a bottle in his hand—the bottle that had contained the poison.

"W-where are th-hey?" Darrell got out.

"Dead!" Perry Scott exclaimed. "They won't bother us again. Maybe we can eat in peace after this."

Perry placed the empty bottle on the window sill. Its label was marked ANTPASTE.

THE CURSE OF QUETZAL
A SPEEDY PERRY SCOTT YARN
IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE
OF FEATURE COMICS ON SALE
SEPT. 25TH

WATCH THE GANG GO GOGGLE-EYED

WHEN YOU ZIP BY
ON YOUR NEW
COLUMBIA!



What a bike the new Columbia is! Got everything you want... brilliant, flashing colors, that zooming motorcycle look, streamlined tank, deeper, wider fenders, gleaming white sidewall tires and a husky, racy frame that's built to last and give real he-man service. With a Columbia, you're 'way ahead of the crowd—every time. It takes you places faster and is much easier pedaling. And incidentally, school's a thrill when you can get there on time and in style with a Columbia. Tell that to Dad when the two of you visit the dealer to inspect the new models. Write today for your FREE copy of Booklet B, "How to Care for Your Bike," to THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING CO., WESTFIELD, MASS.

Look for this name plate. It identifies a Genuine Columbia



Columbia

AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE
FIRST IN 1877, FIRST IN 1940

BIG TOP

WHERE'S THAT DAWGONE MIDGET?
I'M GONNA
KICK HIM OFF
THE LOT!



YEAH, HE SET FIRE
TO THE BEARDED
LADY'S
WHISKERS!
AW, GIVE
HIM ANOTHER
CHANCE.
BOSS-HE'S
JUST FULL
OF FUN!



LISTEN, HALF-PINT- I JUST
SAVED YOUR JOB FOR YOU-
THE BOSS WAS
WILD!

THANKS
BUTCH!



YOU GOTTA QUIT PLAYIN'
TRICKS ON PEOPLE-OR
SOMEBODY'S GONNA WHALE
THE HECK OUTA
YOU WITH A
SHOELACE!



YOU'RE RIGHT, BUTCH,
I'M GONNA REFORM-
NO MORE
TRICKS!



WELL, THAT'S THAT- NOW,
I GOTTA GO AND GET
OSCAR
THE
KANGAROO!



IF THIS KANGAROO EVER
LEARNS TO BOX, THE BOSS
WILL PUT
US ON AS A
HEADLINE
ACT!



BUT IT'S TAKIN' THIS OVER-
GROWN MOUSE A LONG
TIME TO LEARN-
I GUESS HE'S
JUST
DUMB!



WHO'S
DUMB
?

HUH? GULP-
ER-A-DID
Y-Y-YOU
SPEAK?



OF COURSE I SPOKE-
NOBODY CAN CALL ME
DUMB-
I'M THE
ONLY
KANGAROO
WHO
CAN
TALK!

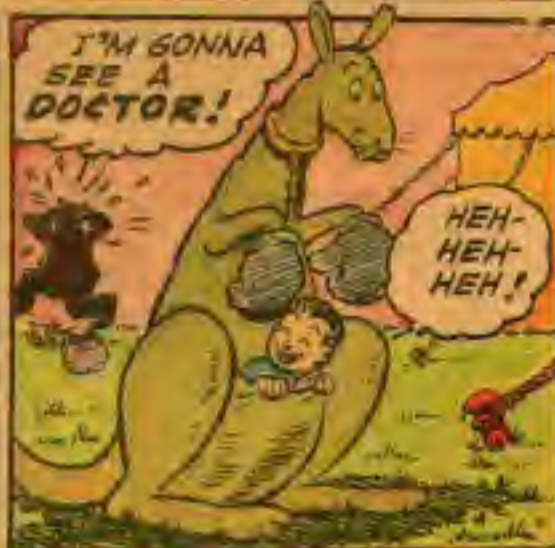


OH-I'M HEARIN'
THINGS!-I'M GOIN'
NUTS!



NO Y'AIN'T- I GOT SORE
WHEN YOU SAID I WAS DUMB..
SO JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW
WRONG Y'WERE,
I SPOKE
TO YOU!

OH--



I'M GONNA
SEE A
DOCTOR!

HEH-
HEH-
HEH!

BIG TOP



HEY BUTCH!



HEY, BUTCH - GET THE HOSE AND PUT SOME WATER IN THE TANK FOR THE HIGH DIVING ACT!

OKAY



HEY, BUTCH, DO THIS - HEY BUTCH, DO THAT - AND I THOUGHT BEING A CIRCUS CLOWN WAS GONNA BE FUN!



OVER HERE! OVER HERE! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!



SONIA, THE TATTOOED LADY - THE LIVING AND BREATHING ART GALLERY



...COMPLETELY COVERED WITH WORKS OF ART FROM HEAD TO FOOT - THINK OF THE PAIN ENDURED BY THIS LITTLE LADY...



...TO HAVE THESE PICTURES TATTOOED - PICTURES THAT SHE WILL CARRY THROUGH HER ENTIRE LIFE...



HUH - NO WATER? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS HOSE?



OH - I SEE - HEY, GET THAT ELEPHANT OFFA THE HOSE!



THOSE ANIMAL TRAINERS DON'T CARE WHERE THEY PARK THEM PACHYDERMS!

FUT
FUT



HEY! LOOK OUT WITH THAT HOSE



HER PICTURES WASHED OFF!

RUN 'EM OUTA TOWN!

HEY RUBE!



GOSH! AIN'T SHE EVER GONNA QUIT LOOKING FOR ME?



UNDER THE BUSTERING RAYS OF A TROPICAL SUN A BOAT DRIFTS AIMLESSLY..



AND LOLLING ON A DISTANT WHARF, DUSTY DANE AND BIG MIKE CARDIGAN SPY THE BOBBING OBJECT.. MIKE JUMPS TO HIS FEET...



DUSTY! LOOK! IS THAT A BOAT?

IT IS! AND THERE'S SOMEONE IN IT!



COME ON, MIKE! LET'S SWIM OUT TO IT!



CLEAVING THE WATER WITH LONG, POWERFUL STROKES THEY SOON REACH THE BOAT..



HEY! IT'S A GIRL!

SHE'S IN BAD SHAPE TOO!

OH!! I...I... SICK...

EXPOSURE! TOO MUCH SUN AND NOT ENOUGH WATER!



YOU'LL BE OKAY, SISTER!

SUDDENLY A HIGH POWERED CRUISER BREAKS THROUGH THE WAVES..



SHOTS! THAT CABIN BOAT, THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!



IT'S DIMITRI! HE COME BACK!



SET DOWN-AND HAND ME THAT RIFLE! START ROWING, MIKE!



DUSTY PEPPERS THE ON-
COMING BOAT WITH LEAD..

HA! THIS
OUGHTA STOP
'EM!



DIMITRI..HE
PEARL THIEF! HE
KILL MY FATHER
AND SINK HIS BOAT...
BUT I ESCAPE! NOW HE
AFTER ME TO LEARN
WHERE PEARLS ARE
HIDDEN ON
SUNKEN BOAT!



KEEP GOING, MIKE..
WE'RE ALMOST TO
THE BEACH.. I'LL
HOLD THEM OFF!



MIKE, WE HAVE A
JOB.. LOOK UP VAN
JORN.. I'LL GET
SOME DIVING
EQUIPMENT... WE'RE
GOING PEARL
HUNTING!

RIGHT!



WE'RE SAFE
NOW! I THINK
YOU BETTER
DO A LITTLE
EXPLAINING!

YEAH..WHO
IS THIS
DIMITRI?
IT LOOKS
LIKE
YOU'RE
BEING PUT
ON THE SPOT!



YEAH! SOUNDS LIKE A
GOOD PROPOSITION.. IF WE
RECOVER THE PEARLS FOR
THE GIRL IT'LL MEAN A
GOOD PIECE OF COIN
FOR ALL OF
US!

SWELL!
WE'LL
SAIL AT
THE TIDE!



NEXT DAY.. WITH A
GOOD BREEZE THE BARK
"FALCON" HEADS OUT TO
SEA...

MY FATHER'S
SCHOONER WAS SUNK
DUE SOUTH OF
TALULA
POINT!

TALULA
POINT

WE'LL
REACH THE
POINT BY
EARLY DAWN..
AND START
DIVING AT
ONCE!



WE'LL START CLOSE
TO SHORE AND
WORK OUT UNTIL
WE FIND THE SHIP..
GOOD LUCK,
DUSTY!



MUD! I HOPE SHE
HASN'T SETTLED TOO
DEEP.. THAT SHADOW
HAS THE LOOKS
OF A SHIP..



THAT'S
IT!



HOORAY!

HE FOUND
IT! HE'S
SIGNALING
TO MOVE
AHEAD A
HUNDRED
YARDS!





LOOK! HERE COMES ANOTHER SHIP!

IT'S DIMITRI!



TROUBLE! HOLD ON, DUSTY!



BELOW: DUSTY ENTERS THE MURKY BLACKNESS OF THE SCHOONERS WHEELHOUSE.

THE GIRL SAID THE PEARLS WERE HIDDEN IN THE BASE OF THE BINNACLE LAMP!



CRASHING OFF THE BINNACLE LAMP HE FINDS A HEAVY CASK...

THE PEARLS!



SILENTLY A DREADED FORM GLIDES ACROSS THE CRAZILY SLOPING DECK...

AN OCTOPUS!



WHATEVER TROUBLE MIKE HAS ABOVE CAN'T BE ANY WORSE THAN THIS!



IF...I... CAN ONLY... REACH MY... KNIFE!



DUSTY SUCCEEDS

...HIS LUNGING KNIFE AT LAST FINDS A VITAL SPOT!



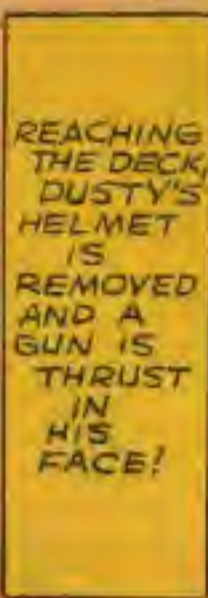
HELLO! PULL ME UP, MIKE.. I HAVE A PRESENT FOR YOU!



BUT UNKNOWN TO DUSTY, DIMITRI'S MEN HAVE CAPTURED THE FALCON...

HEY, BOSS! THEIR DIVER WANTS TO COME UP!

PULL HEEM UP, FOOL! !!

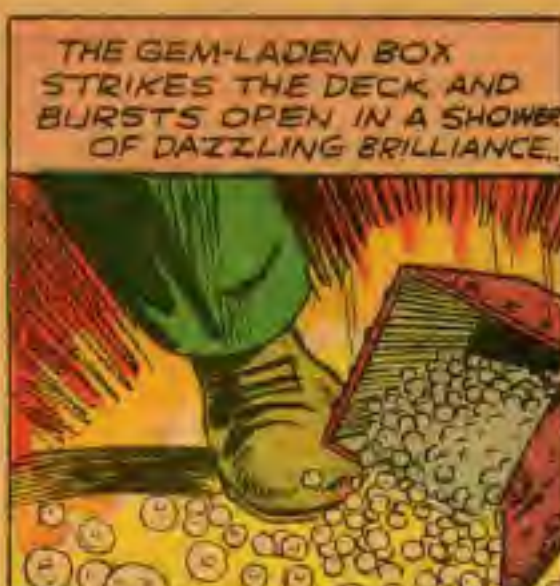


REACHING THE DECK, DUSTY'S HELMET IS REMOVED AND A GUN IS THRUST IN HIS FACE!



WHAT'S THIS?

I WEELTAK! THE PEARLS, MY FRAND!





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Order your copy of the November issue of FEATURE COMICS now.

SAMAR

By
John
Charles

SAMAR, MYSTERIOUS WHITE MAN OF THE JUNGLE, IS CAPTURED BY AMAZON WARRIOR WOMEN... HE THWARTS AN ATTACK BY FIERCE NUBIAN INVADERS AND RESTORES AN EMPIRE TO ITS RIGHTFUL RULERS.

SAMAR WANDERS FAR AFIELD THROUGH FORBIDDING, BARREN COUNTRY



EMERGING FROM THE WEIRD PASS, HE COMES UPON A VALLEY OF TROPICAL SPLendor.



HE IS ABOUT TO DIP IN A COOL INVITING POOL, WHEN



NO! NO!
DON'T JUMP!
YOU WILL BE
CAUGHT AS
I AM!



QUICKSAND, EH?
I THINK I CAN
FREE YOU!



SEIZING AN OVERHANGING VINE, SAMAR SWINGS OUT OVER THE TREACHEROUS WATERS.



AND WITH TERRIFIC STRENGTH GRABS THE IMPRISONED MAN FROM THE POOL OF DEATH.



SAMAR SWINGS SAFELY BACK TO SHORE WITH HIS BURDEN.



I AM GAOL, HUSBAND OF LEBBA, OF THE AMAZON WARRIORS, WHO RULE US MEN!



I TRIED TO ESCAPE, BUT THERE IS NO WAY OUT OF THIS VALLEY! EVEN NOW, LEBBA AND HER WOMEN ARE HUNTING ME!



AT THAT MOMENT, A SCORE OF BEAUTIFUL, ARMOR-CLAD WOMEN LEAP INTO VIEW.



GAOL! YOU WILL BE PUNISHED! AS FOR THE GIANT STRANGER, HE WILL MAKE ONE OF US A FINE MATE!



SAMAR, REFUSING TO FIGHT WOMEN WARRIORS, PERMITS HIMSELF TO BE CAPTURED.



THEY ARE LED OFF INTO THE JUNGLE.



THE PROUD LEBBA IS MARCHING AHEAD OF THE PARTY, WHEN...



A HUGE BOA CONSTRICTOR DROPS FROM AN OVERHANGING BRANCH...



SAMAR RUSHES TO THE GIRLS AID...



SPREADING THE REPTILE'S COILS
HE FREES LEBA.



GRABBING LEBA'S DAGGER, HE
RUNS IT THROUGH THE SNAKE'S
BRAIN.



THEY RESUME THEIR MARCH
TOWARDS THE CITY.



THANK YOU! AS
YOUR REWARD,
YOU SHALL BE
MY HUSBAND!

THIS IS NESBO,
CITY OF THE
AMAZONS!



SAMAR IS LED TO THE PALACE OF
QUEEN SOPHO OF NESBO.



THE RUNAWAY
GAOL, QUEEN,
AND ANOTHER
WE CAPTURED!

THE TALL ONE IS
HANDSOME... I
SHALL HAVE
HIM FOR MY
HUSBAND!



BY LAW, SOPHO... HE IS MINE.
I CAPTURED HIM!



WE SHALL
LET ISHTA
DECIDE THAT!

A VENERABLE OLD WOMAN
STEPS FORWARD.



THE BOOK OF NESBO
SAYS YOU MUST
FIGHT TO THE DEATH
FOR HIM!

IN A HUGE ARENA THE TWO
WOMEN PREPARE TO BATTLE
FOR SAMAR'S HAND.



I CAN'T LET THEM
KILL EACH OTHER!

STOP! IT IS USELESS
TO FIGHT... I WANT
NEITHER OF
YOU!



YOUR WISHES DO NOT MATTER.
GUARDS! BIND HIM, SO THAT
WE MAY CONTINUE!



SAMAR BOWLS OVER THE
GUARDS AND RACES DOWN
A CORRIDOR.



ONLY MY ESCAPE
WILL END THIS
QUARREL!



HIS BENEFACTOR LEADS HIM THROUGH LONG, WINDING LABYRINTHS.



THEY ENTER A HUGE CAVE...



WHILE IN SOPHO'S THRONE ROOM



DAYS LATER.



FROM HIGH ABOVE, A HORDE OF GIANT NUBIANS NEARS NESBO



THE ATTACKING BLACKS POUR DOWN FROM THE HILLS.



SOPHO'S AMAZONS SWARM FROM THE CITY TO REPULSE THEM.



GREATLY OUTNUMBERED, THE AMAZONS ARE BEATEN BACK BY THE FIERCE NUBIANS



THE SAVAGES SWEEP ON INTO THE CITY.



SOPHO BATTLES THE BLACKS VALIANTLY, WHEN



SAMAR AND THE MEN OF NESBO RUSH INTO THE FRAY.



SAMAR SAVES SOPHO FROM A NUBIAN CHIEF'S ATTACK.



FINALLY THE INVADERS ARE DEFEATED.



I THINK I HAVE PROVEN THAT YOUR MEN ARE SUPERIOR WARRIORS, QUEEN!



HENCEFORTH, LET THEM TEND TO THE FIGHTING. AND YOU AND NYLO RULE TOGETHER!



THE NEXT DAY A RADICAL CHANGE COMES OVER THE WARRIOR WOMEN.



THAT NIGHT IN NESBO'S HUGE BANQUET HALL.



SAMAR BIDS FAREWELL TO NYLO AND SOPHO.





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OFFER.

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DESK** FOR ONLY **\$1.00**

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1000-SHOT

RED RYDER

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLEINGER, INC., NEW YORK

cowboy
CARBINE

MY BRAND
ON STOCK!

"Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I'm glad to have my name on 'em!" —Fido Branded on the stock! —RED RYDER

16 INCH LEATHER
SADDLE THONG!

"You can hang my carbine on your wall like this . . . or lash it to your bike. Thong comes attached to Carbine Ring at no extra cost, Podner!

WESTERN
CARBINE
RING!

"It's real article, boys! For ridin' the range, I slip a steel 1 foot cord thru the Ring and tie the other end to my saddle-horn, so she can't fall down to the ground if she slides onto my saddle. Holster or gun knocked from my hands by a bu'er!

SOME SIGHTS!

"It's a Handliner, Fellers! Raise the Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Aim thru small notch for target work . . . large notch for trap-shooting. And say! Daisy made the Front Sight GOLDEN-COLORED to remind yeh of the Golden West!"

GOLDEN-
BANDED
BARREL!

"These glittery golden-colored bands 'round the muzzle as' fore-piece look mighty pretty . . . blade like the real gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em!"

CARBINE
STYLE FORE-PIECE!

"Grab this husky, semi-curved, full length hand-held . . . wood just 'enough' to 'give' your hand and back the Carbine steady as a rock!"

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INVENTION!

"Twist the magazine—pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds—then shoot 1000 times without re-loading once!"

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